And now prepare your throats: *Lauinia* come,
Receaue the blood, and when that they are dead,
Let me goe grinde their bones to powder small,
And with this hatefull liquour temper it,
And in that paste let their vilde heads be bakte,
Come, come, be euery one officious,
To make this banket, which I wish may proue
More sterne and bloody then the Centaures feast.

He cuts their throats.

So now bring them in, for Ile play the Cooke,
And see them ready against their Mother comes.

Exeunt.

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and the Gothes.

Lucius. Vnckle *Marcus*, since tis my fathers minde
That I repaire to Rome, I am content.

Goth. And ours with thine befall what Fortune will.

Lucius. Good Vnckle take you in this barbarous *Moore*,
This rauenous Tiger, this accursed deuill,
Let him receaue no sustenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought vnto the Emperours face,
For testimony of her foule proceedings:
And see the Ambush of our friends be strong,
I feare the Emperour meanes no good to vs.

Moore. Some deuill whisper curses in mine eare,
And prompt me that my tongue may vtter forth,
The venemous mallice of my swelling heart.

Lucius. Away inhumane dogge, vnhallowed slaue,
Sirs, helpe our vnckle to conuey him in,
The trumpets shew the Emperour is at hand.

Sound Trumpets, Enter Emperour and Empresse, with Tribunes and others.

King. What, hath the firmament moe sunnes then one?

Lucius,

Lucius. What bootes it the
Marcus, Romes Emperour
These quarrels must be quiet
The feast is ready which the
Hath ordained to an honoura
For peace, for loue, for leagu
Please you therefore draw ni
Saturn. *Marcus* we will.

Sound trumpets, enter Titus li
the Table, and Lauinia
Titus. Welcom my graciou
Welcome ye warlike Gothes
And welcome all, although t
Twill fill your stomacks, ple
Satur. Why art thou thus
Titus. Because I would be
To entertaine your highnes,
Tam. We are beholding to
Titus. And if your highnes
My Lord the Emperour reso
Was it well done of rash *Virg*
To slay his daughter with hi
Because she was enforst, stain
Satur. It was *Andronicus*
Titus. Your reason might
Satur. Because the girle
And by her presence still re
Titus. A reason mighty, s
A patterne, president, and li
For me most wretched to pe
Die, die *Lauinia*, and thy sha
And with thy shame thy Fa
Saturn. What hast thou d

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Titus Andronicus* (STC 22330) LONDON, 1611 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12.